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ARIZONA CITY, A. T.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1872.

FOR DELEGATE TO CONGRESS,

RICHARD C. McCORMICK.

Election Nov. 5th, 1872.

CONGRESS.

We have already indicated our choice for Delegate to Congress. There are many reasons why Gov. McCormick should be returned. It will be remembered that the true secret of political supremacy in the Southern States prior to the war, consisted in the good sense of the people in electing their best men to Congress, and keeping them there till they grew old and gray in the service.

Men are not born legislators—they must be educated in the business as well as in any other. No sensible man would employ a blacksmith to build a house, or a carpenter to make a horse-shoe nail; and what is true in matters of this kind, is practically true of all the affairs of life.

Mr. Lincoln said of the campaign of sixty-four, that it was not policy to swap horses while crossing a stream. It was a crude way of illustrating a great truth, but it was eminently applicable to the situation. The nation was just then crossing the fearful stream of the rebellion, and it was not deemed prudent to exchange an experienced pilot for one less acquainted with the uncertain currents of that dangerous river.

We are on a voyage of an entirely different kind; over the stream that flows between a weak and helpless Territory and the strength and vigor of a powerful State. To accomplish this voyage with dispatch and safety, we require an experienced pilot at the wheel of legislation. We have such an one in the person of Gov. McCormick, and we sincerely hope that our people will not commit the folly of even attempting to displace him. That he is an efficient and faithful servant is an admitted fact on all hands. That he is a gentleman of ability, education and refinement, is pretty generally known on both sides of the continent. There are several gentlemen in this county, as per-

haps elsewhere in the Territory, who have a personal knowledge of the zeal with which the Governor has served his constituents; and so far as we have been able to learn, their testimony places him far above any other Delegate in Congress, and not inferior, in point of usefulness, to scores of full members. These gentlemen have visited the Governor at his post of duty at the National Capitol, and they cheerfully bear witness to the energy and watchful care that he bestows on all matters of interest to those whom he represents.

Let us have such men in all our public stations, and the tone of official morals will be better in the consequence. There is one other feature of this gentleman's character that is especially commendable: he does nothing to incite local bad feeling. He attends to his own business, and studiously lets that of others alone. A fact of good omen.

ALL ABOUT WHAT WE KNOW OF "PIONEER."

We find that some one who figures under the *nom de plume* of "Pioneer" has made himself (or tried to) conspicuous in the columns of the Prescott Miner of the 14th inst. Had his "laziness" held out a while longer, he would have been saved the trouble of telling a few falsehoods. We have refrained from saying anything about the matter of the turning over of the tax roll, as we considered it a personal fight between one of the Board of Supervisors, the District Attorney and the Sheriff, and as for the interest manifested, "Pioneer" couldn't see it, because it was on the other side. The taxpayers and men who have interest at stake here, were with the Sheriff throughout the whole trouble. It is true that this county has been victimized badly by officials, and the last dash was made, if we mistake not, by "Pioneer's" particular friend, who has gone where the woodbine twineth, with the effects of several dead men—living ones too, for that matter. Dr. Alfred A. Mix, late Public Administrator, is the man. How well it sounds to preach honesty!

The San Diego Union of the 21st announces the fact that the Pacific Mail Company have purchased the business of the North Pacific Transportation Company, so far as relates to the Southern routes.

The testimony in the Fair trial is reported as progressing.

THE DISTURBANCE AT DATE CREEK.

From the Prescott Miner of the 14th we learn the origin and cause of the fight at Date Creek. We are glad to know, at least, who the guilty parties are that committed the brutal massacre of the Loring party, on the morning of the 5th of November, 1871, near Wickenburg. There are a great many who, when a murder or robbery is committed in this Territory, are always ready to cry out "Mexicans!" They have enough to answer for, and it does us good to take this from their door. We condense as follows from the Miner:

Gen. Crook was informed by Wm. Gilson, a citizen of Date Creek, that he had reasons for believing that Date Creek Indians were mixed up in the affair. Gen. Crook set spies—both Indians and whites—at work, to hunt up testimony, plenty of which, it appears, was soon after forthcoming. Attempts were made by General Crook to arrest the murderers, but each time he was defeated by orders to cease hostilities, and let the Indians and "Peace Commissioners" settle the row. But this time he reached Date Creek and commenced his work. Arriving there on the 7th inst., he found that the Indians had not, agreeably to promise, come in to meet him. He waited until the 8th, when some 50 Indians, led by their chief, Ochoama, made their appearance, armed and painted, apparently ready for war. Meantime, Dr. Bendell and Col. Jas. M. Barney arrived from Ehrenberg; Capt. Byrne, D. H. Smith, Irataba, Irataba's son and another Mohave Indian came from Camp Beale Springs. C. B. Genuing, Wm. Gilson and other citizens from the neighboring valleys were also present. It was then arranged by the General that the Mohaves should be kept out of sight of the Apache-Mohaves until everything was ready for arresting the murderers. The time for the council came; three or four of the stage robbers were assembled, and one, "Chimahuva Jira" (a very bad Indian, who speaks English), could not be induced to come to the post. It having been previously understood, by the whites and Mohaves, that one of the latter was to hand each murderer of the stage passengers a piece of tobacco. Mr. Mohave commenced to carry out that part of the programme, offering the first piece to the chief—Ochoama—who hung his head and did not let on that he understood what the Mohave meant. But he was persuaded to take hold of it, while his countenance changed rapidly from one blue color to another, and he finally dropped the tobacco. Another and another Indian was given a piece; the last red devil had just clutched his, when, agreeably to previous understanding, a soldier attempted to arrest him. Quick as thought, the savage stabbed the soldier with a knife; the soldier pulled his pistol and

shot; Gen. Crook rushed in and tried to stop the fracas, but it was too late, as, already, Indians and soldiers were cross-firing upon each other. Three soldiers caught hold of the chief—Ochoama—who would have got away from all three had it not been for Dan O'Leary, who, winding his fingers in the chief's long hair, threw and secured him, when he was led to the guardhouse. Ochoama's brother, who was in the guardhouse, made two attempts to escape through the roof, and was shot by the guard. An Indian was observed by Lieutenant Ross taking dead aim at Gen. Crook, and but for the action of the Lieutenant, in quickly pushing the General out of range of the gun, he would have been a dead General. The bullet that was intended for Crook hit and killed an Indian. Most of the Indians ran away when the firing commenced, but the Chief and those who had to remain fought like demons. The fight started behind Gen. Crook, and he is sorry that it occurred, but it was inevitable, as the Indians would have resisted arrest under any circumstance. Ochoama, after having fired old boots, iron wedges, and other missiles out of his cell, at the guard jumped through the canvass roof, was shot at twice, pierced with a bayonet once, and finally made his escape to the hills, where, according to the story of some Apache-Yumas who have since come into Mr. Gilson's place, he died. A worse Indian never expired in this Territory, for, according to his own confession, he murdered Mr. Leiby and Mr. Everts, in Bell's Canyon, on November 10, 1866, for no other reason, he said, than that some person had told him that Leiby had sold some of his annuity goods. Leiby was Superintendent of Indian Affairs at the time, and Mr. Everts was his clerk. * *

At this writing we have not the number of Indians killed in the fight, but gentlemen who were present think that, including Ochoama and his brother, the Apache-Mohaves lost about seven. Others were wounded. Mr. Hewitt says many more could and would have been killed but for the earnest efforts of Gen. Crook and Dr. Bendell to put a stop to the firing.

The soldier who was stabbed by the savage was not expected to survive.

Let us have done with "peace" policies, or at least give us enough soldiers to punish when peace won't do. Let us carry the olive branch, but hold the sword ready to punish when peace will not have the desired effect. But the trouble is that we have but just enough troops, possibly, to guard the posts or repel an attack, or, in other words, enough to be of no use in the world. But why talk? all this is well known—the press is full of it; our Delegate to Congress has preached it in all the Departments, until it has become an old song: But as Indian killing will not elect a President, the poor whites in the Territory have to look to themselves for protection.